

# WESTERN HERO

Fawcett Publication

FEB. NO. 11



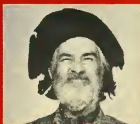
TEX RITTER



TOM MIX



MONTE HALE



GABBY HAYES



10¢



IN THIS ISSUE:

**CHAIN GANG  
VENGEANCE**

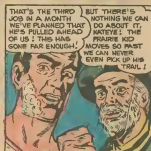


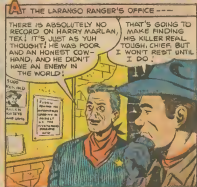
The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LEUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS  
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN  
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY  
BOB CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC • BOB COLT  
MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX RITTER WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President*





BUT AS TEA LEAVES THE RANGER OFFICE ---

(GULP) FOR A SECOND THERE, I THOUGHT I WAS SEEING A GHOST! THAT STRANGER RIDING BY LOOKS ENOUGH LIKE HARRY MARLAN TO BE HIS TWIN!



WAIT A SECOND! I WONDER IF THE KILLER COULD HAVE BEEN AFTER HIM AND MURDERED HARRY BY MISTAKE! I DON'T KNOW WHY ANYONE SHOULD WANT TO KILL HIM EITHER, BUT MAYBE WHEN I WARN HIM I'LL FIND OUT WHY!



HEY, YOU, WAIT A SECOND! I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU!

THE PRAIRIE KID'S NOT STOPPING TO TALK TO ANY RANGER! I THOUGHT MUM IDENTITY WAS WELL HIDDEN, BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES!

GIDDAP!



HEY, WHAT'S THIS? I KNOW HE HEARD ME, BUT IT ONLY MADE HIM RIDE FASTER! HE SURE ACTS LIKE A MAN WHO HAS ENEMIES!



COME ON, WHITE FLASH--



--WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT NOMBRE!

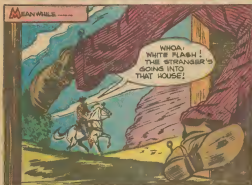


MEANWHILE IN THE MOUNTAIN HIDE-OUT ---

---AND ALL I HAD TO DO THEN IS SHOOT THE PRAIRIE KID IN THE BACK! HA, HA!

YUH MAY HAVE SHOT SOME BOOBY IN THE BACK, BACKHAY, BUT NOT THE PRAIRIE KID! I JUST SAW HIM RIDING THROUGH LARANGO LARGE AS LIFE!







HEY, SACHAY, LOOK! THAT'S THE PRAIRIE RANGER, TEX RITTER, ON THE FLOOR! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM?

TIE HIM UP! WE'LL BRING HIM ALONG TO THE BOSS, TOO! LET KATEYE DECIDE HIS FATE!



AND WHEN TEX RITTER RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS---

YUH THOUGHT YUH WERE PRETTY SMART BEATING US TO EVERY ROBBERY WE PLANNED, PRAIRIE KID! WELL, THAT SMARTNESS IS GOING TO EARN YUH AN EARLY GRAVE!



NOW BRING IN TEX RITTER, AND I'LL GET RID OF HIM, TOO!

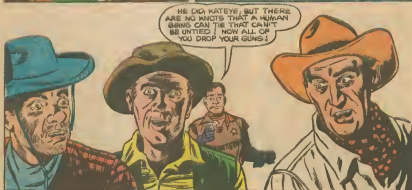
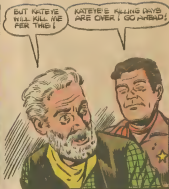
OH, OH! THIS ROPE ON MY HANDS IS BEGINNING TO SLACKEN, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHETHER IT WILL REALLY GIVE IN TIME SO THAT I CAN AT LEAST DEFEND MYSELF AGAINST THAT MOB!

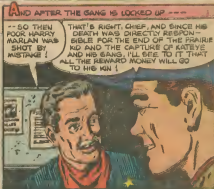
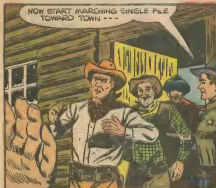


AND AS SACHAY ENTERS TO CARRY OUT KATEYE'S MURDEROUS ORDER---

HEY, RITTER! WHERE ARE YUH?

RIGHT BEHIND THE DOOR!



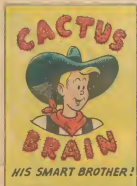


LASH CLEARS THE OUTLAW TRAILS FOR ACTION AND ADVENTURE!

**LASH LARUE**  
WESTERN

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSDEALER'S 10¢





WONDER WHAT'S ON TOP? WE'RE NO PIKERS. LET'S HAVE A PEEK! LET'S GO!

WHEW! THIS IS HARD WORK! WONDER HOW MUCH FARTHER WE HAVE TO GO? HOW HIGH IS UP?!

WISH I'D BROUGHT SOME DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM TO CHEW - NO CHANCE TO GET ANY NOW 'TIL WE GET DOWN! WE'RE ALMOST THERE - YIPPEE!

HERE YARE, FOLKS! GET YER DUBBLE BUBBLE RIGHT HERE! NO NEED TO WAIT TO GET DOWN! PUD! WOW! FLEE'S DUBBLE BUBBLE TO CHEW! IT WAS WORTH THE CLIMB!

FUNNIES, FORTUNES, FACTS ON EVERY WRAPPER!

FLEE'S BLOWS BIGGER BUBBLES FASTER!

TASTES GOOD, TOO!

**NOW AVAILABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD!**

FRANK H. FLEE, CORP., PHILADELPHIA 31, PA.

**BOYS! GIRLS!**  
HURRY! GET YOUR BEAUTIFUL  
**U.S. MILITARY RING**  
**and BRACELET!**

WITH YOUR CHOICE OF  
OFFICIAL MILITARY INSIGNIA!

**SO EASY TO GET!**

They're real beauties! Finished in shiny metal that won't tarnish! Wear the official insignia of your brother, relative, friend, sweetheart or service. Be the envy of your neighborhood! Send to Smith Brothers, Box 540, Providence, R. I.

AND THE BEST-TASTING COUGH DROPS, TOO!

**BRACELET ONLY 20¢**  
**RING ONLY 20¢**  
**BOTH FOR ONLY 35¢**

AND ONE SMITH BROTHERS BOX PRIME FOR EACH ITEM ORDERED

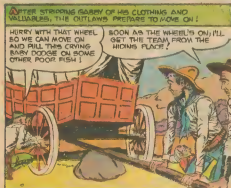
I am enclosing 20¢ ☐ 35¢ ☐ and the front cover of one ☐ two ☐ Smith Brothers box(es), any flavor, for which please send me RING ☐ BRACELET ☐ BOTH ☐

Indicate wrist size for BRACELET: LARGE ☐ REGULAR ☐ INSIGNIA CHOICE: ARMY ☐ NAVY ☐ AIR FORCE ☐ MARINE CORPS ☐

Send to Smith Bros., Box 540, Providence, R. I.

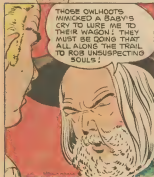
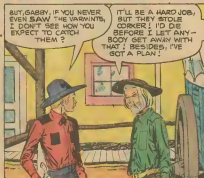
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
To be filled in with pencil  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

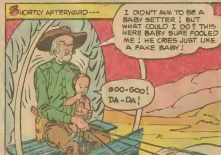
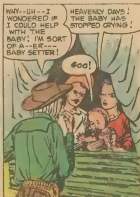


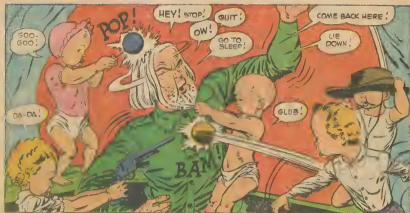


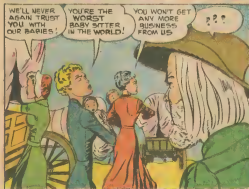


WEARILY, AND WITH HEAD-THROBBING, GABBY HIKES TO THE NEAREST SETTLEMENT WHERE HE CAN BORROW CLOTHING, WEAPONS AND A WAGON! THEN....











# TOM MIX *and* The MAN in the RED BOOTS

GOOD AND EVIL PURSUED THE MAN IN THE RED BOOTS! THE EVIL TOOK THE FORM OF MUSKRAT, ONE OF THE OLD WEST'S MOST NOTORIOUS KILLERS! THE GOOD TOOK THE FORM OF DOBIE'S NOBLE STRAIGHT SHOOTER, TOM MIX! WHO WILL GET TO THE MAN IN THE RED BOOTS FIRST? FOR THE THRILLING ANSWER READ THIS BREATHTAKING, RIP-ROARING SAGA OF THE PLAINS!



## AT THE DOBIE SALOON.....

THERE HE GOES, MUSKRAT! THAT'S THE NEW MAN, WYLIE, YUH'VE GOT TO KEEP YORE EYE ON! WILL YUH REMEMBER HIM?

HOW COULD I HELP IT, BURT, WITH THOSE FLAMING RED BOOTS HE'S WEARING?

NOW I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE BAR Z RANCH BEFORE THE BOSS NOTICES ME MISSING! BUT REMEMBER, MUSKRAT, DON'T HURT WYLIE!

DON'T TELL ME HOW TO DO MUH PART OF THE JOB! IF I WANT TO HURT HIM, I'LL HURT HIM! NOW GET GOING! IT WON'T BE GOOD IF THE TWO OF US ARE SEEN TOGETHER!

## LATER, AT THE BAR Z .....

YOU SENT FOR ME, ZACK?

I SURE DID, TOM! THANKS FOR COMING SO FAST! I HATE TO BOTHER YUH, BUT I'VE GOT TO ASK A FAVOR OF YUH!



I'VE ALWAYS BEEN IN THE HABIT OF LEAVING A FEW DOLLARS LYING AROUND MUH OESK JUST IN CASE A BILL SHOULD COME UP AND I'M NOT HYAR TO PAY IT! WELL, IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS, THESE SMALL AMOUNTS OF MONEY HAVE BEEN STOLEN!

DO YOU SUSPECT ANYONE?



NOT EXACTLY, BUT I'M SURE IT'S ONE OF MUH RANCH HANDS! THAT'S WHY I SENT FER YUH! I HAPPENED TO SAY LAST NIGHT AT THE MESS TABLE THAT I WAS SENDING MUH NEW HAND, WYLIE, WITH FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO PAY OFF A CATTLE BILL I OWE IN CULVER GULCH!

AND YOU'RE AFRAID IF ONE OF YOUR HANDS IS THE CROOK, HE'S LIABE TO STEAL THE MONEY FROM WYLIE ON ROUTE?



EXACTLY! THAT'S WHY I WAS HOPING YOU'D PAY OFF THE BILL FER ME, TOM!

I'D BE GLAD TO, ZACH, BUT WHERE'S WYLIE NOW?



HE DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT I SENT HIM ALONG WITH AN EMPTY MONEY BAG TO THROW THE CROOKED VARMINT OFF THE TRACK JUST IN CASE HE DID INTEND TO STEAL THE MONEY!

THAT WASN'T SO SMART, ZACH! LET'S HOPE NOTHING HAPPENS TO YOUR NEW HAND, WYLIE, BECAUSE OF THAT!



I NEVER THOUGHT ALL WE CAN DO IS HOPE FOR THE BEST NOW! THERE ARE SO MANY TRAILS LEADING TO CULVER GULCH IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND HIM ON THE WAY!



BUT AS TOM RIDES OFF THE RANCH GROUNDS.....

P.S.-S-S-Y! TOM MIX! I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YUH!

WHOA, TONY!



YUH'VE GOT TO HELP ME! A MAN'S LIFE IS AT STAKE AND I DON'T WANT TO BE INVOLVED IN A MURDER!

MURDER?



I OVERHEARD THE BOSS SAYING HE WAS GOING TO SEND WYLIE TO CULVER GULCH WITH FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! SINCE WYLIE KNEW ME, I FIGURED IT WOULD BE TOO HARD FER ME TO STEAL THE MONEY FROM HIM, SO I WENT TO TOWN AND OFFERED MUSKRAT HALF THE MONEY IF HE'D DO THE JOB!

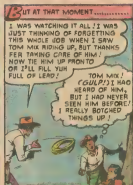
MUSKRAT! THAT CUTTHROAT?





TONY'S SPEED AND TOM'S KNOWLEDGE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE TAKE THEM THROUGH ONE SHORT CUT AFTER ANOTHER!







**B**UT BEFORE MUSKRAT CAN DRAW...



(GULP!)  
I MISSED!



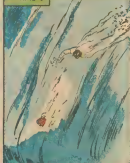
**B**UT THE STRAIGHT SHOOTER NEVER MISSES!



---UNTIL I CAN TRY TO PULL WYLIE OUT OF THE RIVER BEFORE HE GOES OVER THE FALLS!



**B**UT CAN TOM REACH HIM IN TIME?



MADE IT! NOW TO SWIM BACK BEFORE I GO OVER MYSELF!



**S**HORTLY AFTER....

AGAIN I ASK YUH TO FORGIVE ME FER KNOCKING YUH OUT, TOM, BUT I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YUH!

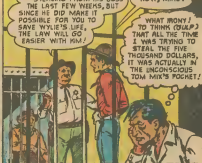
FORGET IT, WYLIE! YOU MADE UP FOR IT, AS YOU EXPLAINED, DELIBERATELY LEAVING THE ROPES SO LOOSE AROUND MY ARMS SO I COULD FREE MYSELF EASILY WHEN I CAME TO! NOW I'LL JUST TURN THIS KILLER OVER TO THE SHERIFF!



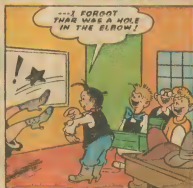
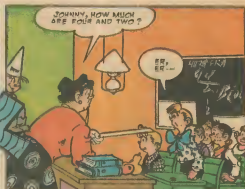
**L**ATER....

BURT ALSO CONFESSED THAT HE WAS THE ONE STEALING FROM HIS BOSS THE LAST FEW WEEKS, BUT SINCE HE DID MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO SAVE WYLIE'S LIFE, THE LAW WILL GO EASIER WITH HIM!

I GUESS THAT'S ABOUT ALL FOR NOW, MIKE!



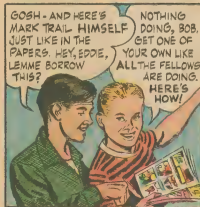
WHAT MONY! TO THINK (GULP) THAT ALL THE TIME I WAS TRYING TO STEAL THE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, IT WAS ACTUALLY IN THE UNCONSCIOUS TOM MIX'S POCKET!



MARK TRAIL says:

# "YOU'LL LIKE MY BIG, NEW MAGAZINE FOR BOYS!"

IT'S "MARK TRAIL"... 64 pages packed with pictures, thrilling adventure stories and articles by famous authors, artists and editors of popular men's magazines!



## SEND FOR YOUR COPY TODAY!

Or ask your dad for a subscription for your birthday.



MAIL THIS COUPON with 25¢ for one issue of MARK TRAIL, or send \$1.00 for a year's subscription (4 issues) to:

### MARK TRAIL

1109 Northwestern Bank Bldg  
Minneapolis 2, Minnesota

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street and number \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_





# THE CRIME WEAVERS

*A Slim Carson Story*

*By Dick Kraus*



**P**PULLING the battered sombrero down over his sharply glancing light blue eyes, Slim Carson shouldered his way down the main street of Los Gatos until he came to the noisy market place.

Here he hesitated, surveying the busy booths where vendors sold sweetmeats, rugs, jewelry and pottery. Shrill cries filled the air, and tiny brown children ran everywhere. It was a colorful sight, one that Slim had always enjoyed, when visiting the little border towns that nestled along the Rio Grande. But today the young border patrolman was not sightseeing! Instead he was on the trail of a band of border holdup agents, and he was beginning by searching for a rug! A very special kind of rug . . .

Three months before, a band of outlaws had begun a series of deadly raids on the freight coaches operated by the Big Bend Mining Company. Again and again the owlhoots struck and each time they escaped with a rich amount of booty! No one knew just how the bandits were being tipped off about the silver shipments until one day when Slim Carson and Sheriff Rance McFee rode as escorts to a heavy Big Bend shipment. Outlaws struck, and, as Slim and the sheriff gunned them off, one of the badmen slumped to the rocky ground, a bullet through his chest!

Examining the slain man's body, Sheriff McFee and Slim found an Indian rug wrapped about him, beneath his bloodstained shirt.

"Look at this, Slim," Rance McFee had exclaimed. "The pattern of this rug seems to be just like a map—a map of the river country! And these symbols on the side . . . I'll bet they spell out some kind of message!"

"Hmmm!" Slim's brow furrowed. "Are you thinking what I am, Rance—that this rug may have something to do with the way the outlaws have been planning their coach raids?"

"I sure am!" the lawman nodded. "But we've got to find out how it works, and where the information on the shipments comes from!"

So it was that Slim had determined to comb

the market places of the tiny border towns that lay close to the headquarters of the Big Bend mines. He had already searched through several, without success. Now, wandering apparently aimlessly through the Los Gatos bazaar, he suddenly stopped. For there, in a sun-drenched booth, his keen eyes spied a rug that was strangely familiar. Casually he sauntered past, examining the pattern as closely as he dared, without attracting the attention of the wizened old goat-herd who squatted at the entrance of the booth.

"It's unmistakable," Slim decided as he went past. "Almost exactly the same design—but with different symbols. I'd better stick around and watch . . ."

Relaxing in the shadow of the giant cathedral that towered protectively over the market place, Slim smoked a cigarette.

Several peons and cowmen went past the booth, but paid little attention to its products. Then a husky American wandered past. For a moment he poised at the entrance to the booth. From his hand, Slim saw a crumpled piece of paper drop! Then, as the American walked past, the wrinkled brown fingers of the goat-herd flicked out, clutching the note and hiding it in his white shirt pocket.

"Seems to me I've seen that American before," Slim muttered grimly to himself. "His handle is Billings and he works in the stable of the silver company. Reckon the trail is getting hotter!"

And it was! For now the old goat-herd quickly gathered up his wares. Putting them on the back of a patient burro, the white-haired old vendor mounted another burro and rode away quickly. But he was not alone! For, riding behind at a cautious distance on his powerful bay, was Slim Carson. The border patrolman followed the man for several miles, along a twisting trail through the brush along the river's edge. Suddenly the goat-herd knelt his burro to a stop before a wattled, sun-baked hut that was shadowed by high cactus plants. Quickly dismounting, he went in, carrying the

rug with him.

A hundred yards away, Slim Carson dismounted, his face bleak.

Loosening his big black Colt, he moved quietly toward the hut. He paused for a moment at the door that hung loosely. Then, elbowing his way in, he spang into the shack. Bent over a pile of rugs, the old man stiffened, staring up at the intruder.

"All right, mister," Slim said softly. "What's the story behind that note the American left you, and behind that special rug of yours?"

Eyes blank with lack of comprehension, the goat-herd began to mumble, "I no speak English, señor . . ." But then, hand delving beneath the rug, he spang up at Slim, clutching a gleaming machete. The blade whipped through the air—scant inches from the lawman. Slim dodged alertly to the side, sent a savage hook at his attacker's jaw. As the goat-herd reeled back, the slender border rider seized his weapon and wrested it away.

"Now let me ask you again," Slim asked in steely tones. "How about that note—and the rug? Talk fast . . . or I'll put this pig-sticker to work . . ."

Terrified by the knife in Slim's hand, the goat-herd began to jabber rapidly. "I tell! I tell all, señor! That American has been giving me information about the silver coach shipments! And I've been weaving it into the rug, using a code to give full details!"

Slim's lips parted. So that was it! And the members of the gang would come by and get the information from the rug! he said. "But what about that note he just left you? What did it say?" As the goat-herd hesitated, Slim gripped the machete more tightly. "Talk!"

The old man blanched. "No!" he whispered sibilantly. "I will talk. They are getting worried about you and the sheriff! They have decided to move all the silver they have robbed across the river into Mexico! They are going to do it early this evening . . ."

"Where?" questioned Slim grimly.

"At San Ramon, where the river is wide and shallow, and where the banks are deserted. The whole gang will do it!"

Slim Carson grinned. This was the information he needed—his chance to round up the entire gang. What he had to do now was to ride and tell—

"Get your hands up high!" A husky voice suddenly broke in on Slim's moment of triumph. He whirled, to see the steblemen, Billings, standing in the doorway with a rifle leveled at him. The American's eyes glittered, and he taunted Slim, "That's right! Way up!

You didn't expect to see me, did you, Carson? You didn't know that I saw you when I walked past in the market at Los Gatos, or that I followed you here to the goat-herd's shack! Hah . . ."

Slim's fingers, reised high, began to tighten, and his back was tense and knotted. Billings was going to shoot him in cold blood . . .

"That's right!" the outlaw laughed, reading Slim's mind. "You know too much—all about our rug scheme for tipping off the gang, and about their plan for crossing the river with the silver tonight! So I'm going to make sure you don't talk!"

But Slim's desperately racing mind suddenly saw a way out! As Billings moved toward him, the badman had stepped onto one of the goat-herd's rugs. Quickly Slim reached out with his foot. As his sharp spur caught in the rough weave, the border patrolman pulled back his foot sharply. The rug came along with him—and Billings started to lose his balance and fell! He pulled the rifle trigger and the shot resounded thunderously in the little shack!

But then Slim slammed into his foe, ~~leaving~~ *leashing* like pistons, ~~pounding blow after blow~~ *pounding blow after blow* to the outlaw's chest and stomach. ~~Billings~~ *Billings* reeled back, gasping for air, and Slim drove a mighty right cross to the jaw that dropped him where he stood.

**B**ACK to the wall! Slim Carson gave swift orders. "I'm taking some of this rope you've got lying around here, and I'm tying you two hombres so tight that you won't get loose in a month of Sundays!" As he lashed the bindings on his prisoners, employing all his strength to make iron-strong knots, Slim grinned. As soon as this job was done, he would be on his way to get Sheriff Rance McFee and a posse. That evening, when the silver holdup gang attempted to cross the Rio at the San Ramon ford, to take their loot into Mexico, they would meet with an unwelcome surprise!

"Rest easy!" Slim chuckled as he rolled his bound prisoners onto the pile of rugs that lay in the center of the room. "Those rugs should make you mighty comfortable. And, if you like, you can look at the messages on them, and try to figure out what went wrong!"

THE END

*Follow the adventures of two-fisted  
SLIM CARSON each month in  
WESTERN HERO*

# MONTE HALE

in **Chain Gang Vengeance!**

**M**ONTE HALE, THE GIANT CONVOY, HAS ALWAYS FIGHTED ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER! BUT THE TIME CAME WHEN THE LAW SENTENCED MONTE HALE TO A BRUTAL IMPRISONMENT—ON THE TERRIBLE LADRENO CHAIN GANG! WILL MONTE ACCEPT HIS UNDESERVED PUNISHMENT, OR WILL HE SEEK ESCAPE VIA THE BLAZING SIX-GUN TRAIL THAT LEADS TO CHAIN GANG VENGEANCE!



**E**VEN MONTE HALE CAN FEEL LOW AND DESPONDENT AT TIMES!

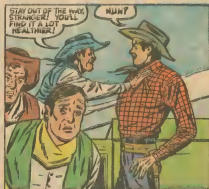
LADRENO, EH? JUST ONE MORE TOWN ALONG THE TRAIL—ONE MORE TOWN OUT OF HUNDREDS!

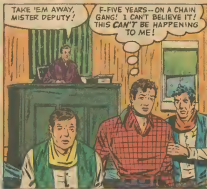
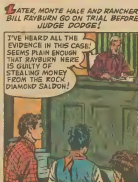
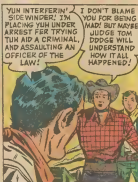
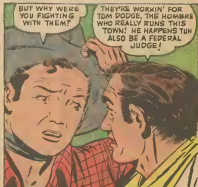
RECKON I'VE FORGOTTEN HALF THE TOWNS I'VE STAYED IN OVER THE YEARS! MAYBE ONE OF THEM HAS BEEN HOME TO ME; WE HAVEN'T ANY MORE HOME THAN THE TUMBLEWEED, EH, PARTNER?

LIKE THE TUMBLEWEED WE BLOW AROUND FROM PLACE TO PLACE TO THE OTHER! I RECKON WE'RE FREE ENOUGH! BUT MAYBE IT'D BE BETTER IF WE—

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU CONCERNED CROOKS!







BUT THE BRUTAL REALITY OF THE LADRENO CHAIN GANG SOON FORCES MONTE HALE TO ACKNOWLEDGE HIS FATE!



IT ISN'T HUMAN TO KEEP MEN WORKING LIKE THIS!



OHhhh!

THAT POOR OLD MAN FAINTED! HE COULDN'T KEEP WORKING IN THIS HEAT!

WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM INTO THE SHADE! HE'S IN A BAD WAY! BRING HIM A CUP OF WATER!

YUH TALKIN' TUH ME?

WATER! WATER!



PRISONERS DON'T GIVE ORDERS AROUND HERE! I DO!

OHhh!

CRACK!



STUNG BY THE CRUEL BITE OF THE BULLWHIP, MONTE TRIES VAINLY TO REACH HIS TORMENTOR!

HAW-HAW! RECKON YUH FORGOT ABOUT THAT CHAIN HOLDIN' YUH FAST!

SLASH!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BULLWHIP DESCENDS! BUT MONTE HALE WILL NOT GO DOWN!

UHHH! HE'S CUTTING ME TO RIBBONS! BUT... I WON'T GIVE IN!



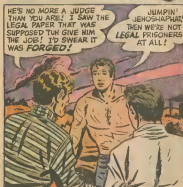
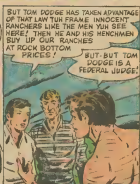
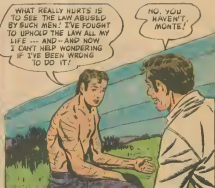
I WON'T... I WON'T...

WHEE!



I OPINE HE'S LEARNED HIS LESSON! NEVER SAW AN HOMRE STAND UP TUH THE BULLWHIP AS LONG AS HE DID! I PLUMB HAD TUH BEAT THE STUBBORNNESS OUT OF HIM!











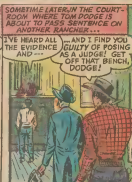
HOLD OFF, MONTE!  
I RECKON HE'S IN  
NO CONDITION TO  
FIGHT ANY MORE!

HOW ABOUT THE  
OTHER GUARDS?  
WAS THERE  
ANY TROUBLE?



THEY'RE JUST AS MEEK AS A  
FLOCK OF LAMBS! HOMBRES  
LIKE THAT ARE ONLY TOUGH  
WHEN THEY  
HOLD THE WHIP  
HAND!

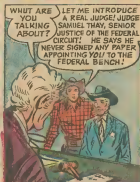
NOW WE'VE GOT  
TO SETTLE WITH  
THEIR BOSS--  
TOM DODGE!



SOMETIME LATER, IN THE COURT-  
ROOM WHERE TOM DODGE IS  
ABOUT TO PASS SENTENCE ON  
ANOTHER RANCHER...

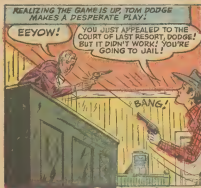
I'VE HEARD ALL  
THE EVIDENCE  
AND...

...AND I FIND YOU  
GUILTY OF POSING  
AS A JUDGE! GET  
OFF THAT BENCH,  
DODGE!



WHUT ARE  
YOU  
TALKING  
ABOUT?

LET ME INTRODUCE  
A REAL JUDGE! JUDGE  
SAMUEL THAY, SENIOR  
JUSTICE OF THE FEDERAL  
CIRCUIT! HE SAYS HE  
NEVER SIGNED ANY PAPER  
APPOINTING YOU TO THE  
FEDERAL BENCH!

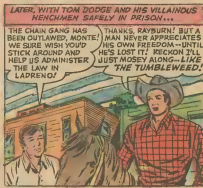


REALIZING THE GAME IS UP, TOM DODGE  
MAKES A DESPERATE PLAY.

EYOW!

YOU JUST APPEALED TO THE  
COURT OF LAST RESORT, DODGE!  
BUT IT DIDN'T WORK! YOU'RE  
GOING TO JAIL!

BANG!



LATER, WITH TOM DODGE AND HIS VILLAINOUS  
HENCHMEN SAFELY IN PRISON...

THE CHAIN GANG HAS  
BEEN OUTLAWED, MONTE!  
WE SURE WISH YOU'D  
STICK AROUND AND  
HELP US ADMINISTER  
THE LAW IN  
LADRENO!

THANKS, RAYBURN! BUT A  
MAN NEVER APPRECIATES  
HIS OWN FREEDOM--UNTIL  
HE'S LOST IT! RECKON I'LL  
JUST MOSEY ALONG--LIKE  
THE TUMBLEWEED!